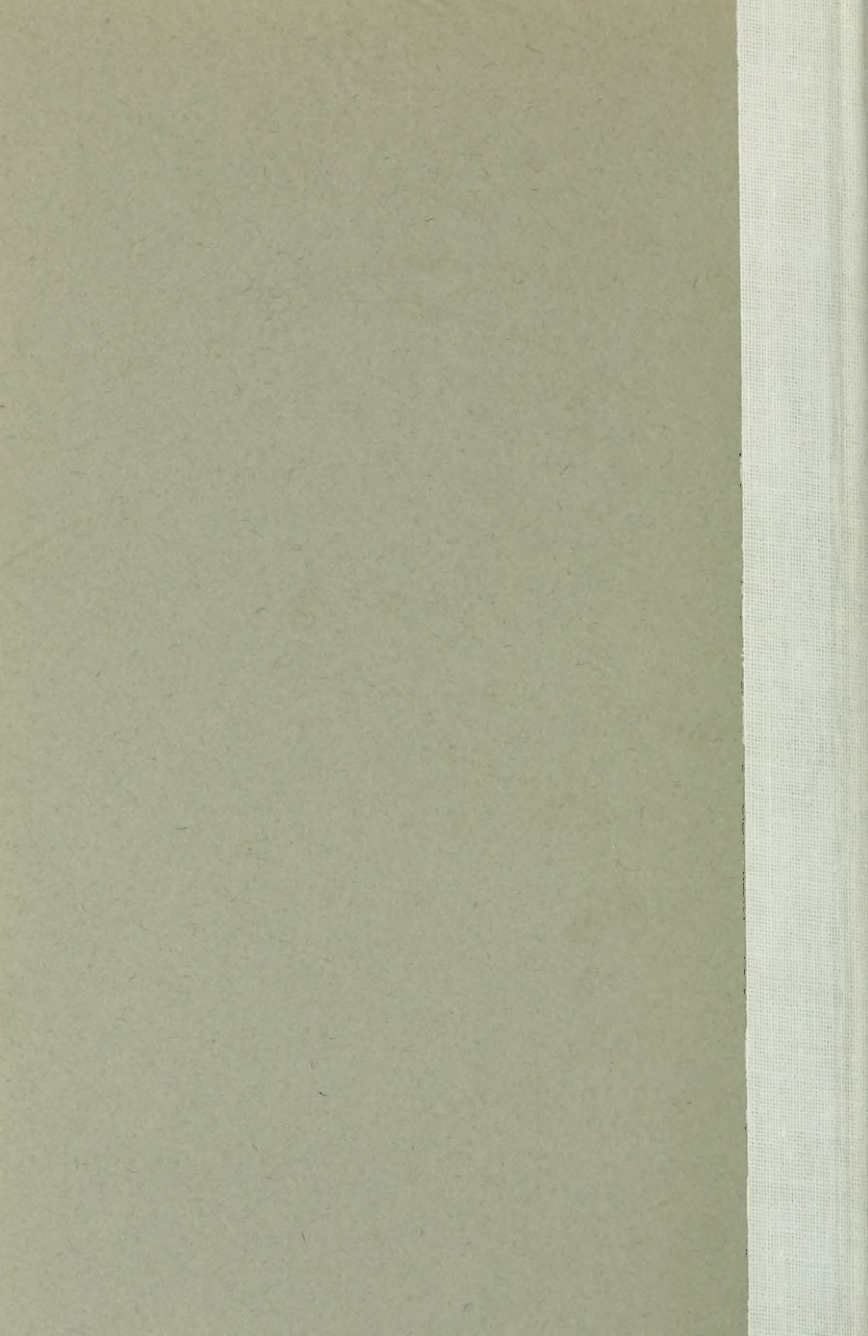


Schmitt, Charles Henry
The Hungarian revolution

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HUNGARIAN REVOLUTION

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THE
HUNGARIAN
REVOLUTION

AN EYEWITNESS'S ACCOUNT
OF THE FIRST FIVE DAYS

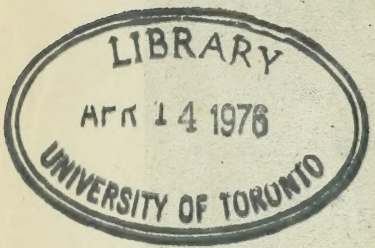
BY
CHARLES HENRY SCHMITT.

TRANSLATED BY M. P. SHIEL.

PRICE NINEPENCE.

WORKERS' SOCIALIST FEDERATION,
400 OLD FORD ROAD, LONDON, E. 3.

DB
955
S28



Budapest 1918 október 31.

A Magyar Nemzeti Tanács felszólít mindenkit hogy a sorok vivő
útjára...
úrat minden kordenen átvesszék.



[Handwritten signature]

INTRODUCTION.

It was precisely a quarter to two o'clock.

A careless crowd occupied the terrace of the Belle-vue Hotel, their only problem for the moment being to decide whether to go for a walk into the forest, or to go for a bath at the Vöslau hot-baths. I had decided for the latter, when a garçon ran quickly up with :

"Please, Mr. Editor, to the telephone !"

A few minutes later cold shivers ran down my back, and the bath seemed farther removed from me than the stars of heaven.

Soon afterwards there were draughts of air about one, as the hundredth vehicle flew over the chaussées, impinged on the street-corners with two leaning wheels, shot over the pavement of narrow places, and were away into the precincts of Vienna.... One saw groups forming here and there, and with the commonplace was mingled an indefinable sense of the extraordinary.

Something had happened. In the Ballplatz, before the house No. 2, the offices of the Royal and Imperial Ministries of the All-highest House and of the Exterior, stood an unusual number of motors, among them some quite unusual foreign-looking vehicles. Hurrying men flew by....

It was the 28th of June in the year of grace 1914.

* * *

Was all that was involved in it the heavy dream of a neurasthenic ? When I delve darkly into the past I see big-lettered headlines, under which black print gave out flames of fire.

Placards about victory, about grim struggles, charges, and petitions, and laments, and holdings-out, and reliefs, long war-reports of wordy youngsters, dull novels tinged with a tragic dark-mindedness, death-advertisements and casualty-lists.... they connect by misty links the day of hidden agents with to-day.

A world is in that melting-pot. Galileo's *eppur si muove* ("and yet it moves") had to prove true at least during those years. At least the one half of the earth has always been shame-

1
faced enough to hide itself from the sun. But on she circles, all the same.

* * *

A thrilling rumour of victory ran through us, the heat of which breathed fever and miasma, which did not warm, but scorched—and induced pyrexia. The reign of force inflamed and consumed the last wit left to men.

Was it not the law of gravitation—was it the swelling flood whose rise no object and no substance might hold out against, since the void has yawned?

The rush of mass ever swifter hurtling—mass of material, mass of men—was bound to give rise to an enormous reaction. It was easy to see that the foundation-stones of this rotten building would not at the present rate long resist disintegration. Dust must all that become, if all the laws of change and development were not to prove untrue.

I only darkly remember the first bread-coupons, the care of one's shoe-leather, the limited tobacco (limited because no one had limited his garment to his cloth), and the stoppage of the exhibition of placards.

* * *

THE CASTLE AND THE RULER.

A lanky man sprang lightly out of a carriage, and hastened up the steps. A stranger asked the sentry:

“Who was that?”

The man answered reverently:

“That is the Hungarian Premier.”

And after a short time came the lean man again, threw himself into the depths of the carriage—and no one asked the sentry:

“Who is that?”

The man in uniform said low:

“That *was* the Hungarian Premier”—and Tiza went, Esterhazy came, went likewise. Wekerle came.... names, names.

* * *

At this time, which I may call the post-exaltation epoch of the war, appeared the first blank spaces—“censored”—in the newspapers of the Extreme Left. And like a plague, this

coccus blanco quickly infected the other organs also.

In the summer of 1917 one of the higher officers of the General Staff of the Vienna School said to me :

"Look you, we win the war, sure, if only munitions, or forage, don't run short."

Then I knew that both had run short—and I left him.

* * *

On the sharp advance of the Russians it was said : "Pooh, we will keep up the fête-days as they fall due" : but the fall of Przemyśl was not on a day of fête, but of Fate, which is an important difference.

Upon reverses followed crises : and holes were dug in order, with the earth dug up, to stop up rents made by the explosion of suppressed fury.

Ever sharper blazed up the flame of resistance which Hungary—people and independent parties—opposed to Felix Austria, and the first greater conflicts between Budapest and Vienna arose. Their origin is in the soul of the Hungarian nation, which with difficulty forgets. 1848 sprang out of the predicament into which Austrian speculation drove Hungary's industry, and blow upon blow was added to the quarrel. Who, engaged in strife, can claim Right as his sole objective ? No one. The blame is to the unnatural wedlock of two systems straining parabolically apart—systems which should be led towards a community of interest in trade by means of agitation and propaganda, appealing simply to sympathy.

Pathology was bound to avenge itself on the organism of both bodies....

And now with all this was to be combined that eruptive force which arose out of the longing for freedom from an intolerable load, and led to the meeting of Károlyi and Franchet d'Esperay as a final result. Hungary broke up under the pressure of the load, and any one, like me, who was in the movements of the whole period of the war—any spectator of this divorce which severed two souls in one breast—can only say that the temporary so-called "predominance of place" of Hungary in the frame of the monarchy corresponded to an effective force, not to a subjective

will; and that the word was spoken in Budapest, but the deed budded in Vienna. To have any illusions as to that was only pardonable so long as it was considered useful to be able to assign the blame for the war.

.... And so I come to the actual picture-gallery of the revolutionary events.

The revolution in Hungary was not organised, not manufactured, not *menagé*. It grew up freely, and just a dozen men sufficed to hold it together. A proof for or against? ... For! for the mass can only be moved by a summons relatively of the same elevation as itself. When the mass follows unknown leadership merely on account of a programme, this means that it wills to co-operate. And it co-operated, without swerving, without heat, without fail.

They made a revolution, the Hungarians, because there was nothing else to do. Because the gigantic upkeep of a gigantic army was growing on their shoulders, because they saw the Hapsburgs sitting ever in Vienna as Emperor and never in Budapest as King (although in such a royal comedy, directed to eye and mind and phantasy, precisely the seeing of the idol is essential to the realisation of the fairy tale), and because they had frankly had enough of fighting without motive.

History shows no Hungarian war aims—only the aim imposed upon the country of going to the aid of Austria.

Lust of annexations was not the cause of the war, but the consequence—a decisive distinction. To annex was desired, because war was being waged, but no single shot was fired with the idea of getting something out of it.

Hungary's revolution was the historical consequence of a biological principle. The sick place had to be removed by operation: a non-national Government, which managed the affairs of an Empire without any relation to the people, which throughout its whole structure was antediluvian in its reactionary trend, had, in the atmosphere of our time, to perish.

What is instructive for history is the essentials of this event.

The recognition of the inevitableness of the break-up inspired the people who rallied round

Károlyi with the thought of making pause, and of putting into practice their own innate pacificism. Pacifism? The instinct of self-preservation would in this case be the better term. It meant the weighing of the chance of bringing the secession from the union into harmony with evolution.

After the Parliamentary battles, the newspaper-war, in the tumult of a continuous resistance to the most varied attacks, the expectation was fulfilled.

And in this moment I recall that, from the beginning, Hungary had on her hands the whole weight of the war, provisioned the German troops, managed the whole question of transport with her own rolling-stock, and, beside this, exported. Now there was superfluity in Hungary, and it was constantly said to me: "In Budapest one fares splendidly, one eats white bread—a fault of the Government, which, clinging to the principle of absolute centralisation inherent in the administration of the land, fed Budapest free, so to say, so as to relieve the capital of petty inconveniences." It was a mirage—a bid for popularity in the capital, which in no other land is so truly and wholly "The Capital" as in Hungary. The Government, in fact, powdered Budapest over with white meal in order to conceal the lack of black meal in many districts. The cause is simple. Only through the appearance of Budapest's well-being could the equally centralised press be "convinced" that all was really being efficiently administered. By these manœuvres the Vienna Government in Budapest was able to win from the country, from the Parliament, every complaisance in the matter of supplies *ad infinitum* for the army.

* * *

And now I will carry my digression from the story no further—will not touch on Arpad's times, and on to the Anjous, down to the Hapsburgs, although precisely this Revolution has its roots in the deeps. Let it be taken as a fact that this war was the cartridge that exploded a mine of aimlessness and drifting, while the powder slowly, slowly, sometimes quicker, sometimes still slower, was accumulated beneath the people by statesmen, authorities, great heroes of history, and little intriguers of mean degree.

In the autumn of 1918 it was clear that the war was finally lost. The dictatorship built upon military authority and upon the infallibility of prerogatives was robbed of its basis. All began to totter. A current whose trend was indefinable gained in strength.⁶ The Emperor-King had become fond of the jewel of the love and warm co-operation of the people, even while he let himself be led ever farther into half-measures—in spite of a marked and quite genuine love of peace. He was called in the end “Karl the Sudden,” just as in the beginning of his reign they called him “Wilhelm’s Antidote.”

The German retreat cast spherical illuminations over hill and valley. Fall on the Bourse, dissonances, confusion, rumours. Still Sisyphus pushed the stone ever up.

And then came the great Governmental crisis, the series beginning with the dismissal of Wekerle, the endless searches for lime and cement an unheard-of expenditure of men and forces.

And then... then the word was: Károlyi could save the country. Save? I deny that. A man is only a man, and genius is powerless against the hydrophobia. Only some months earlier Károlyi could in truth have effected something, when, relying on a half-integral military power, he might have concluded a well-merited separate peace. But from within, outward, grow revolutionary forces, which do not suffice to supply the lack of actual armies. And so the appointment of Károlyi could only have availed to rescue the dynasty for hours or days. For radical democracy had to give so calm a field to the republican idea, that no dynasty could have withstood such a reality.

Once more, the Hungarian Revolution was a vote of the people. No kind of reactionary agitation, not the least, was to be remarked, and what agitation is now in existence, in so far as it is of any importance, is all ultra-radical. And a return to the old is desired merely by some odd people whose dulness only the Oriental parade of a Court could enliven.

While the revolutions in Germany, and especially in German Austria, have loosed sharp reactions, effective forces seeming to arise there to defend or to rehabilitate either the dynasty or the

authority of the old régime, in Hungary, on the contrary, only a movement toward still more Radical principles is in some measure perceptible, but no serious stress toward the restoration of the old is to be found, is to be roused, is to be sought.

Somewhat so stands the matter in Hungary: and her previous history led to the effective outbreak of this event.

It all had to happen as it happened. It was in the air. Invisible messages flew from heart to heart, strangers found themselves friends, a silent emanation rose over the wide land, and a telegraphy of souls carried the rumour of the event to the consciousness of men.

So all lay in the deepest peace in the pause of a period of world-war. One knew nothing. Only a boiling cast its shadows before.

And then....

CHAPTER I.

THE EXPLOSION.

October 30th carried the saturated air of the political tension over the capital.

The newspapers gave themselves up to criticism, polemics, and a quite strange avalanche of news, for whose confirmation no "official" stamp was valid enough. The reports of the shots still re-echoed which had fallen by the Kettenbrücke. This had happened in this way:—

The Governmental crisis, which in one event contained chronic, acute, and latent elements, found not the man who could have controlled it. The throne tottered, and the supposition is justified that clever councillors conjured up mirages before the eyes of the man on the throne, who, moreover, only possessed the bare uniform, without leadership or independence of thought. All things urged to the necessity of placing the truth of the further developments before the monarch's eyes. This must of necessity be attempted in the way of a popular demonstration. And as the demonstration—moving in an undeniably friendly temper—arrived at the Kettenbrücke to go on toward Ofen, so as to place the Insupportable in miniature before the eyes of the councillors of the absent Throne, Guards on horseback dashed up.

The front of the groups—for the demonstrators were not long a continuous mass—fell into wavering. The pressure from behind, however, carried

the procession forward, whereupon some old Landsturm men, who formed the first cordon, desisted from employing any force against the crowd. (The warning lies in this detail: the first sign, a departure from strict obedience on the part of the soldier.) But the police employed force.

Some minutes later there broke through shooting the sickening noise of lamentation. Wounded people shrieked their despair. Far fell the bullets. Hoofs struck on the asphalt, whistles sounded, and in the hall of the Ritz Hotel I saw the first wounded.

One man died.

Near around me alternated loud command and suppressed whisper, heliograph signals clattered over the porter's lodge, outside something droned past, the hooters of the ambulance wagons formed the accompaniment.

And on the day after whizzed the hail of hate against the police, who had not refused obedience. It is not to be wondered at, then, that the police, under this frightful and crushing contempt of the whole population, was one of the first institutions to place its services at the disposal of the National Council, already the pre-revolutionary power. The police wished to wipe out the stain by open confession to the people.

This use of force, these unholy tactics of the holders of power, which they themselves in the preliminary stage applied to the development of things at the Kettenbrücke—then the scattering of a crowd of students before the Ofen Palace—all this was mirrored still in the newspapers of October 30th. At the same time the papers greeted with enthusiasm the police, who had already over night submitted themselves to the command of the President of the National Council.

But the whirl of excitement arose out of the deep sense of uncertainty. The governmental crisis had been protracted for weeks, and the "explanation" given—the marriage of, it seemed, several gentlemen, added fuel to the fire.

A concentration of the Left was, from the beginning, impossible. Not only were the Social-Democrats now absolutely against it, but also the majority of the Károlyi-party, which had all the popularity. And during these crises the King was conferring with obsolete magnates,

Andrássy was making well-meant but irrelevant efforts in Vienna, and by his quasi-recognition of the execrated, low-toned Imperial-and-Royal Ministry of the Exterior, had deprived himself of the sympathies which without doubt largely existed for him in bourgeois circles. Count Hadik, the probable Premier, was negotiating meantime as eagerly as if he could really believe that his efforts would result in anything. Prince Windischgrätz, the ex-Food-Minister, then staying at Berne, also took part in the political questions. His official standing was that of First Sectional-Chief in Andrássy's Ministry-of-the-Exterior; but far-reaching machinations in internal politics were attributed to him, and he is pointed to as the man who hastened the King's downfall through evil counsel. But history will need to acquire full light on these side-questions, which at present are too heated for cold reason to deal with them. Anyway, the Prince has brought upon himself, a great load of hatred, and the lack of any clear declaration of attitude on his side is significant. Against him first, then against Andrássy and Hadik, a fury was lit; but Cabinet-director Seidler and Master-of-the-Household Count Hunyadi will find themselves heavily laden with every sin of commission or of omission. One cannot act against a People, without having to bear the consequences.

While the Emperor-King, far from the theatre of events, withdrew himself, full of anxiety, in the critical hours, while decisions as to the destinies of generations were being made over the telephone, the Press joined in with the general opinion. A world of stinging criticism whipped the shortcomings of the régime that called itself the government. Already it is now clearly established that faults not quite definable had been committed, faults which in the reel of events magnified themselves to crimes.

October 30th mirrored all this.

Yet the streets were quiet. Rumours of strikes began to be bruited, but they proved unfounded. The compositor functioned, but the least actual flaring-up of these restrained and well-disciplined people must have been at once known.

While the evening darkened over the city, still came pouring in more rumours respecting the

probable action of the no-longer-existing Government. About seven o'clock the foreman of the great Budapest newspaper syndicate said to me that I might have some of my packets taken away, as it was uncertain whether he would be coming to the office in the morning. He added that a sort of time limit had been fixed by the Social-Democrats, and in case the interval was not employed to effect the definite appointment of Károlyi, the strike would be proclaimed.

Late in the afternoon I learned at the Radical Party's office that something was under way, but one knew not what exactly, or was unwilling to divulge it. Only a certain heightening of activity was to be remarked, and it was as if all at once thrice as many members were about as could be seen at other times.

At the Gendarmerie there was nothing unusual to be observed. A readiness for action, almost usual already, was well maintained, some motors stood ready, and a direct and unbroken contact with the military was kept up— at this time without complaint.

I went along the Donauquai, and, before the Parliament House, remembered the monster demonstration, which had passed off quietly, but only thanks to the merit of the crowd, for all had been done to goad the people to frenzy. This demonstration for Károlyi, whose aim was merely to convince the "ruling classes" that Károlyi was the only man in whose person all confidence was concentrated, presented a distressing picture. Generals with their cloaks puffed out backward by the wind, showing in this way the scarlet-red of their dress, and the blood-red of their souls in their rigidly-fixed visages, whizzed incessantly in service motor-cars over the open space. It was like a red rag to the crowd. . . . And infantry, posses of police, and whole companies of machine-gun contingents beset the Parliament Square. Thus was exhibited to the masses, some days before the explosion of their powers of expansion, to what ends the military still, as always, was misused. The men at the rudder forgot what an excellent lesson this was. And just as the open-air demonstration was at an end, there drove the best-hated man in Budapest over the Platz—General Lukachich, the victor of Isonzo and the victor of

Schaffott, who in a few weeks had hundreds upon hundreds of men executed for mere absence from the ranks, among them a private in Kees-kemét, who had run home out of hospital to his work and wife, carrying with him the wound he had received in battle. I cannot mention this without making a mental apology to Mr. Nikolaus Faago. He had brought a report to the *Az Est* about this stretching of authority reminding one of Chinese atrocity—a fabulously realistic report, which I felt as unusually lacking in taste: for the reading of the thing made me sick—how the man, after he had twisted about on the ground, weeping, vowing eternal loyalty and begging pardon, was shouted at by the sergeant, with, “Come, no nonsense!” upon which four ill-aimed shots fall, the poor man writhes—and then, on command, another volley—it made one sick: but I now feel that many people may have been moved to take an active part in the Revolution through hearing, if of no others, anyway of this case, which must have clearly shown that the power of which such things is a trait must be crushed!

All this at the time whirled uncertainly through my head. I could give myself no reason why I did not simply go home. But I had a feeling that something must happen, to miss which was to miss an experience....

I called at Gerbeaud, on the Gizellatér, the best confectioner of Budapest, expecting to meet my wife there. I wound among a throng that one could hardly see over, people eating, chattering, enjoying themselves. It was as if all these people in a body wanted to insist that they *could* be gay.... Arm in arm we went thence through the Inner Town, which seemed quite deserted. Toward half-past nine we went back to the Gizellatér, in a house of which the Károlyi-party had their quarters—some rooms quite modestly furnished.

Before the house were some people, but still there might have been no party headquarters there. Slowly assembled a small throng of men. Then appeared on the balcony a speaker, who had a singularly high voice, and could not be under stood in the endless noise of applause. Meantime the throng increased enormously, new masses

came up, flags were visible, soldiers appeared, and there was much passionate shouting.

Later on came Károlyi, who was received with indescribable cheering, and spoke some words from the balcony.

And then arose the first impulse. Within the frame of the club-window bobbed up suddenly the helmeted silhouette of a constable. At first one knew not what to make of it. I had the impression that it was a puppet. But I soon saw my mistake, for, though men often speak like puppets, this puppet on the contrary spoke so clear and manlike, that he was keenly listened to. The constable spoke as a man of the people to the people. In some seconds jubilation was resounding over the place. A constable who was about, and yet arrested nobody, accosted nobody with blows and roughness....the crowd was enchanted. The police, then, were on their sidewas that really possible?

(I hurried up into the party headquarters. It can be said now, easily enough, that the constable was hissed—words only, for I cannot doubt my own senses. But at present he still seems to me rather like a puppet which was exposed in the shop-window—even if by its own wish.)

Above in the [Socialist] party headquarters I heard that a company of soldiers were waiting at the East Railway Station, ready to be taken to the front....(Heavens! "company," "front," "taken"....are there such things? Have I not perhaps read about something of the kind, so far back it all lies....!). It was said that precautions had been taken to prevent the company being carried away to the front. Movement below, in the street, movement above, in the head....the thing began to harmonise.

Thick throngs went away, in order to co-operate at the railway station. Meantime, fresh and still fresh throngs arrived. Quite to the Deákplatz thronged the mass. Songs were sungand all at once broke out a mighty roar, the Marseillaise....the Internationale in the Hungarian words.

Then began the whirl of rumours. It was bruited by soldiers who arrived that the company under marching-orders had been already set free. Many said that its soldiers had been already seen

below. It was said that blood had flowed, and the sentinels at the station had been overcome by force. I hurried into the street, made my way into the Văciutea, got a cab, and cried to the driver "Ea t Railway Station!" as a wild uproar arose, cries of despair, a crazy crush. Constabulary on horseback were coming—it was said. But it was only a false alarm. The throng quickly regained composure, but surrounded the cab like a flood, so that I had to get out, and my wife was lifted out bodily.

Now it was along the Văciutea in the thickest press. Suddenly someone cries out: "We need no two-headed Eagle! Down with the scutcheons!"

Nimble fellows climbed up the frontages in the most ingenious ways, and crash, crash, fell the imperial and royal arms, the proud emblazonry of the purveyors to the Court. But beyond the cries and jubilation no single breach of the peace took place.

How utterly disciplined the crowd was is best shown by the following incident.

A troop of young fellows discovered a glass-window with a splendid collection of Court-purveyor ensigns which were adorned both with the two-headed Eagle and with numerous high, highest and all-highest coats-of-arms. The troop wanted to shatter the glass, but a lively opposition arose, the crowd resisted, and someone cried out: "Order! don't soil the Revolution with sherds!"

"Revolution"....

And the aggressive fellows were driven off; so also the crowd itself held all that was foul in its midst under its eye. But an inventive man procured paste from a near newspaper-press, and the pretty emblazonry was thickly pasted over. To revolt peaceably is very possible, I think!

* * *

The throng pushed us with it along the Kossuth-Lajos-Strasse on to the Hotel Astoria, where the offices of the National Council were.

Along the long balconies a lively movement; and ever new speakers stepped out. They all recommended calm and self-possession. So far as my recollection goes, the sense of their speeches was that thenceforth things would go as Károlyi

intended: and toward midnight the word was that the King had appointed Károlyi Premier.

The crush had meanwhile become dangerous to life.

The 30th of October passed into the 31st. It was midnight. Rare clocks struck the hour..

As mementos of the decisive day I had picked up three fragments: the claw of a two-headed eagle in papier-maché, a star out of a king's crown torn down, and a feather of a German eagle in gilt tin. Against these positive gains—whose unlawfulness I am not ashamed to admit—stood a positive loss. An equally provident as precautionary revolutionist had discounted the chances of the morrow by abstracting my spectacles as well as my gloves from my coat pocket.

But the fragments have compensated me for this loss, and I should not be now ready to make an exchange.

CHAPTER II.

FROM MIDNIGHT TO MIDNIGHT.

A plague of cigarette-smoke, through which, for moments, cold Autumn air bored deep channels, when passage-doors and balcony-exits were opened at the same instant. An excitement which could no more be heightened. Underneath the window of the National Council quarters in the Hotel Astoria, from whose balconies speakers without intermission wrought pacifically upon the crowd and lowered its temperature. An extract of the population of Budapest was in flux : clerks, workmen, servants, officers, ladies—every class.

Twelve minutes past twelve.

The first "announcement." A troop of soldiers, who had tendered allegiance to the National Council, had marched to the Maria Theresa Barracks to overcome it. The first bloodshed was impending. Indescribable excitement : motors shot by hard on the skirts of the crowd, men in wild haste climbed the stairs, an unspeakable intensity filled all men and things. The National Council had been sitting in permanence for days now. All decisions were rapidly made. The fight at the barracks must be prevented. Ladislaus Fényes and Eugen Landler were sent from the Council, and their efforts succeeded in averting the conflict. The watch at the Maria Theresa barracks restrained itself—no shot was fired.

Sharp on this the second report: the Platzkommando in the Inner Town is being besieged.

Alexander Garbai and the author, Ludwig Birò, afterwards Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs were despatched thither to work for quietness. They had scarcely hurried away when two officers entered with incomparable aplomb, and bluntly announced:

"Be it known to the National Council: the Platzkommando is overcome; the watch is on our side; the Central Garrison alone withstands the National Council. We await its orders."

Frenzied jubilation after an icy silence; the held-back breath burst from the lungs; and while the mass below received the tidings with drunken rapture, the first salvos roared out, salute-guns were planted in the streets, out of windows, shots of jubilee were discharged, a wild sense of exhilaration carried away all, and all the bounds of ceremony and stiffness were abolished.

In the meantime, delegates of the National Council had taken over the building of the Platzkommando without the least disorder.

* * *

Toward two o'clock the news was known that the Soldiers' Council, which all at once was there with as much assurance as if it always had been there, had resolved to beset the Stadtkommando, and to take over the command of the Budapest Garrison and all troops in the city..

A few people hastened with some members of the Soldiers' Council to the Stadtkommando. The officer in command obeyed their mere order at once. Salvos of cannon announced the taking of this Central post, too, by the Executive of the National Council....

Shortly thereupon, accompanied by five staff-officers, General Varkonyi appeared in the Hotel Astoria. He declared with a shaking voice that he remained faithful to his oath to his King, but yielded to force, and gave over the military command of Budapest to the National Council. The General was taken into custody, and put into Room 106 of the Hotel Astoria. Near by, in No. 105, the Chancery of the National Council had been installed, while in other rooms there was a crush of people: some dozed for weariness,

others called aloud to one another, while in the midst of it the telephone bell constantly rattled.

Suddenly, gun-fire from below. Some joyful news....?

No. The first victims. Victims of a mistake.

Some gendarmes were coming up on a huge motor-wagon, to take the oath of fealty to the National Council. The hated tuft-of-feathers was received as an enemy, someone cried out that they were coming against the people, and in the next instant fell the first sharp shots—well-aimed. But there were no dead, only some wounded. An explanation followed, and great bloodshed was prevented by a prompt handling of the situation. About this hour I forced my way out through the main portal of the Hotel Astoria, and saw those well-known watch-dogs which had accompanied the demonstrations, the little, almost insignificant machine-guns. They lay about the street up to the hotel—no longer directed to-day against the people, but against the misusers of power of yesterday. The long lines of weapons lay serpentine there, confident and secure, smoking soldiers played on the cartridge-boxes, jested, and lounged about their weapons.

But the threatened soldiers of the counter-revolution that were to spread panic and flight came not at all; only one lonely one-horse carriage trotted over the adjoining Rakôczistrasse, but was away at the first summons as fast as the nag could draw.

* * *

Far beamed the windows of the Hotel Astoria into the night. The pulse of all that activity made itself felt far around.

In the first vagueness of dawn I tried to telephone; but failed.

A handful of soldiers had beset the Theresadistrict Telephone Exchange which readily acquiesced, and soon after had beset the other telephone-places; from this hour till further notice only the National Council was switched on, and it alone could make calls with any success. For every other place—no connection; and it was well so: for much harm might have been done, if the reactionaries could have got their orders through. The unselfish bravery of the personnel

of the telephone, of those often censured telephone girls, was one of the most satisfying phenomena of these hours of crisis, for there was still no certainty whether the members of the National Council would see the morning morally exalted, or merely physically by suitable mechanism.

It was a nerve-racking game of roulette. The winning chance was indeed enormous; but in judging these men and their worth one should not forget that each, without exception, was playing with his head.

* * *

A heavy sky full of cloud shed a light rain.

* * *

We see that there was suddenly something which looked furiously like Revolution. Who did it?

The answer is amazing. One, at the most, two dozen people, who, with much decision, indescribable temerity, an unsurpassed mass of disdain, contrived all that which is meant in the crisis of the foregoing short period. A few manipulators sharply grasped the nettle, in the decisive moment got through a great mass of work with the worker's joy in energy, took upon themselves a responsibility superhuman, hardly measurable, and—this is their real merit—stood firm, even then when the flood was high to covering them. They did not lose their heads, held taut the reins, prevented, by the highest exhibition of decisiveness, the sprouting of anarchy, and, after some days of interim order, left quite acceptable conditions behind them.

* * *

The National Council itself was political, but the night of the revolution saw fewer politicians in the rooms of the Astoria than men of affairs. The whole thing resembled an inter-editorial conference.

There was Jászai, leading-article writer for *The Világ*, with his colleague Birò, first Minister of Nationalities later on, and last Secretary of State for the Exterior, tutor, author, journalist; Ernst Garami, now Minister for Trade, the responsible editor of the *Népszava*; Ladislaus Fényes, chief assistant-editor of the *Az Est*, a deputy, and now Government-commissary; then Dr. Ludwig Halász, the distinguished Chief of the

Press-bureau of the Premiership then, likewise then an editor. Somewhat apart was Baron Ludwig Hatvany, editor of the *Pesti Napló*, and an author--then Editor-in-chief Ludwig Purjesz, Editor Paul Kéri, Editor Ludwig Magyar, as well as leaders of the Social-Democrats, Garbai, Kunfi, and some of the Radical Bourgeois Party.

Let the above-mentioned Ludwig Magyar be specially noted. He was the Secretary of the National Council of the Revolution-Bureau, got through for days the most fabulous amount of work, and was, besides, Keeper of the Great Seal. And it is a fact that the National Council had neither stamped note-paper, nor any other sort of printed thing. Only one single seal. One single india-rubber seal. It is a little piece of History.

This little round seal represented during the first days of the revolution the omnipotence of the State's authority. Ludwig Magyar, who had the handling of it, says of it: "This seal of the National Council was the greatest power in all the land. The sight of it put barracks in motion, brought up batteries, directed machine-guns and forage-trains, opened the banks, and shut the drink-shops, set printing-presses working, and provided benzine, commanded the payment of wages and subsidies, sent orders to Ministers--in short, governed." This little round stamp, which the reader finds reproduced in the reproduction of my passport, was the most potent and the most singular, the most reliable and trusty agent of an Executive which has ever existed.

* * *

By morning the sailors, having adhered to the National Council, had meanwhile brought the Danube monitors opposite the town. The greenish grey steel-fishes lay without order under steam, and blinked out of their cam-painted guns over the town.

* * *

A morning misty and moist crept up over the town, and the early risers looked with wonderment round them. Heavy military motors hummed about the streets, echoes of numerous shots cracked from the walls, electric vehicles stood abandoned about the streets, like children's

playthings of which they have become tired, soldiers gay with flower were going about the city, and the people were *tutoying* one another.... huzzahs, merry-making, loud cries, clattering down-fall of the cafés' revolving-slutters, hurrying men and small groups whose centre in general consisted of an officer divested of the Imperial and Royal rosette on his cap.

It was a strange sight, the many officers all without rosette, and with their sword-belts wrapped with National bands

And how had all that happened?

So simply! Some people had sworn an oath, and adhered to this oath springing out of their own will, rather than to an earlier one wrung from them. They had sworn to the National Council:—

"I swear and promise on my honour that I will remain true to the Hungarian National Council, am prepared for Hungary's independence and freedom to give my life, and to the best of my power will ever follow the directions and behests of the Hungarian National Council."

And they did, all, all, all, to the best of their power.

* * *

With my head in the clouds I slept half-an-hour, took a bath, and toward 8 A.M. was again in the streets.

Most businesses were shut up, but some cafés were open. Later on other shops, too, were opened.

Toward 9 o'clock I learned in the National Council somewhat as follows:

The railway-men had gone over to the National Council, the Post-office officials and servants likewise, the police had already gone over earlier. The political prisoners had been liberated from the Honvéd Prison in the Contiutca. All the telephone-exchanges stood at the sole disposal of the National Council.

Enormously increased in number were the notices whose rank growth had covered nearly all businesses: "*Under the aegis of the Hungarian National Council!*"

At street corners, on houses, and kiosks and notice-pillars appeared the first edicts of the National Council, of the City-commandant Heltay, of the various departments just born. And

suddenly was seen everywhere the placard :
 “ *Long live the Republic !* ”

In the shop-windows revolutionary poems were to be read : appeals in tones the most varied met one everywhere, a whirlwind of exhortation : the Event, so indescribably sudden, was struggling for rapid ratification. The victory was so great, so startlingly rapid, and so dear, that men were impelled to secure it by all means, lest it should be exposed to the danger of an ebb.

At this hour were bruited the rumours, afterwards proved to be unfortunately true, of the chaotic conditions in Croatia, of shootings in Fiume, of robbery and plunder in Jugoslavia. The other rumours were for the most part inventions.

Toward midday the atmosphere grew clearer. The National Council had taken over the Executive power, and Count Károlyi was exercising it as Premier—and, in truth, as a quite legal Premier.

The King had appointed him by telephone through the intermediary of the Archduke Josef. Károlyi had related in detail to the Archduke the events of the night, and Josef of Hapsburg, as he is now called, had managed the affair in such a way, that Károlyi held one receiver of the telephone apparatus, as the King appointed him.

But it was clear that this appointment, intended to uphold the throne, was no longer capable of doing so, and it was only a question of hours for the Revolution to run its natural course.

There is a building in Ofen of a peculiar significance—the Platzkommando. On this building, when I went past it after a hasty meal, was exhibited even outwardly the rush of change. The imperial and royal coat-of-arms had been literally torn in two, and the Austrian half removed.

And the Königsburg—now the National Palace—bore on the side wall opposite the Premier's Office the National Tricolor ; so also the palace of the Archduke Josef was beflagged in the national colours. . . . And, even though this may seem laughable to the foreigner, this sight was monumental. I admit it is hard to understand : for what can be so surprising in the fact of the Royal Palace of a country carrying the national flag ? Now, it is easy to explain this, quite easy.

Hungary had a King's Palace erected and embellished with fairy splendour without a king. He was for ever in Vienna. When he came, it was the King's flag that was hoisted, the hated colours under whose sovereignty in 1848 the most atrocious tyranny was inaugurated over Hungary. What a sensation of happiness and liberation it was for every Hungarian to see the national flag....

Certainly, crazy relations. But even because they were so crazy, had a sane Revolution to bring reason to bear upon them.

* * *

In the afternoon I learned the authentic story of the "conquest" of the Municipal Gendarmerie.

The police-con-table Környey and the detective Kormos went some time after midnight to the Gendarmerie. Kormos hastened into the house-exchange, and forbade the telephone-girls, appealing to their love of country, to make any telephonic connection whatever. And while the heads of the police were thus suddenly cut off from any possibility of communication among themselves or with the outer world, Környey called upon the Captain-of-gendarmerie von Sándor to take the side of the National Council, and to hold his subordinates at the disposal of the National Council.

The Captain delayed, protested...and meantime all the officers present, with all functionaries and employés, adhered to the National Council, precisely to serve against which it was that they were being kept doing over-time. Some hours later the new régime was a *fait accompli*, a new captain was appointed, and Kormos, the detective, is now Chief of Detectives, Környey has been highly advanced, and the others who in that interval fervently espoused the cause of the National Council with great danger to themselves are in the leading positions.

Even the police were ripe for a new and humane régime, and only thus was it made possible for two persons to master the whole body.

* * *

In the afternoon hours even greater masses thronged the streets, numberless workers took holiday, speeches were made, and an agitation reigned which threatened to lead to no good

But order was nowhere seriously disturbed : only from the outer districts came in news of some plunder.

At an office I heard of the setting up of Soldiers' Councils in Vienna, and the rapid spread of the movement of revolt.

* * *

In the afternoon spread, too, the news that the Government, Károlyi's new Cabinet, had asked of Italy an immediate armistice. I heard privately that this step was against the views of the High-Command in Baden, which sought to prevent the Hungarian Government acting on its own score. It will be ascribed to the absolute energy of Károlyi that the matter of the armistice was forced forward, by which means much inflammable matter in the people was kept under, for the news of the movement toward peace had a very tranquilising effect. It was not then, indeed, known—at least not widely—how matters actually stood at the front ; but that proved useful in accelerating some of the events of the revolution.

The constitution of the Cabinet was now known. It sounded responsible. Károlyi had placed the oath in the hands of the Archduke Josef, as representative of the King. The last phase in the monarchical life of the State....

The National Council was the effective authority of the Government. The Revolution was quite frankly and obviously republican, and nobody was inclined to think even remotely of a government with a king dragged in. The King, even as a man, had put himself out of court, since at the time of the great crisis he had abandoned Budapest and betaken himself to Vienna, on the pretext of solving grave problems—in reality for the obvious reason that the ever faithful Vienna offered more security in the face of the revolutionary trend of events.... Well, this calculation, too, resembled so many others in this war : it, too, was astray, was false.

The National Council had transferred its temporary quarters from the Hotel Astoria to the Stadthaus. In memory of the Revolution, the Astoria has since been called the Hotel Republic.

The National Council immediately took in hand the special problems of the moment. The swiftest

decisions were made with unerring sagacity, and the impossible was realised: the most important occupations took up their work on command, and the public approvisionnement, the baths, the electric work, the Austrian-Hungarian Bank, the sanitary institutions, surmounted the Revolution with wonderful composure. The newspaper trade functioned faultlessly, and the publication of news was so regular and sure, and the work of restoring tranquility so unanimous, that any disagreeable consequences could be obviated.

This day declined in the Sign of the White Rose. The millions of white roses had been meant for the church-yards—now they decked every soldier, caps, tunics, great-coats. They are churchyard flowers—and were perhaps quite appropriate to the day. For that day the past was buried, and what now came was the funeral-feast. Anyway, the inheritance was forthwith to prove more embroiled, uncertain and burdensome than anyone would ever have dared to think. . . .

* * *

It was toward seven o'clock in the evening that the first real shock of the Revolution reached me.

Count Stefan Tisza murdered ! . . .

May one speak on this theme already, when History has not yet given her verdict on rôles and causes? Well, well—the heavy load of responsibility for causing the war has been laid on Tisza's shoulders; but already the most recent revelations show that at least he was not the instigator, and that the sending of the fatal note to Serbia did not take place through him, either directly or indirectly. Not he had spoken the word.

Tisza is a phenomenon which I do not venture to criticise, and I have always regarded as presumptuous the fluent judgments of the young men of the newspapers. I believe that he was not the genuine embodiment of all that is hateful which he was made out to be. He was a complete man, he had extraordinary talents, and faults corresponding with them. His only crime was that his Party came to grief. But if one is to judge every statesman who ruled by force and failed of success, one will have to damn every second leader

of men from antiquity to our days. To judge him is for the future. He failed, he had to fall but to die? The guilt of Berlin and the Ballplatz, of generations, and methods of education, and guiding traditions, and tendencies is to be judged by the event, which is not to be expiated by the murder of a single man. Tisza was named a criminal and traitor to his country—he was apotheosised—upon him were flung stones and roses, as to few others. Could all the illusion be for, and all the truth against, him?

He had much guilt in the matter of the war, doubtless very much guilt. Others, too: and precisely many among those who fell with wild howls upon the corpse and, anxious for themselves, damned the dead, to help the living to their "rights." Even in the first press comments was evidenced a lack of backbone not to have been expected from the numberless creatures who had basked in the sunshine of his power. They left the dead unburied, although they had sung praises to the living unconditionally, even when those praises were a shameful fraud on the people and betrayal of the truth. I have regarded it as natural that the overthrow of this strongest, most forceful, most domineering man, should not be wept by his enemies; cynicism from that side seemed to me to be very well; but that his worst enemies should conduct the last campaign of the voices of the press against him, while the press in his favour slinked in pitiful cowardice, this should by no means be forgotten. To rescue the little Ego there occurred a change of tune without parallel. It was then, in truth, very dangerous to mourn for Tisza. To-day when the bloodless Revolution has attained security, and grants her protection even to her opponents—to-day it is still the same men, who with windy side-attacks and hidden motives commit the same betrayal with the guilt of which they had before loaded themselves. Tisza had been murdered. Might that be a sign....?

No. Nothing followed. It was not an act of vengeance of the Hungarian people, to whom common murder has never in their history been a means to an end. It was a common band of crude rascals who struck down a man already

down. And they have not the excuse of sudden passion. They murdered in cold blood and like common murderers.

Count Károlyi sent to the dead man a wreath with the noble words: "I esteem it my human duty to express my most sincere and honest sympathy in respect of the tragic death of my greatest political opponent."

All stood in amazement then at the murder. The event itself happened as follows: three soldiers appeared at Tisza's, whose villa in the Herminien-strasse was protected by gendarmes concealed in the cellar. The rôle of these guardians is still not clear. Anyway, the soldiers were able to make their way quite into the living rooms. As things were, Tisza could have fled: but did not. With a Browning revolver in his hand he stepped to confront the intruders. And here let it be asserted that Tisza was one of the best fighters and shots in the country. With a Browning, armed with seven shots, a door may well be defended against more than three men. But he did not do it. One of the soldiers expressed the wish that Tisza's wife and sister-in-law should leave the room. This they refused to do. The soldier said to Tisza that he might put away the revolver. Tisza answered: "You have weapons, too." And then, nevertheless, he laid the revolver aside. He gave himself up to the assassins, as God made him, defenceless.

In the presence of his wife, who was his truest companion, who never budged from his side, who accompanied him to Parliament and to office, who was his best comrade and his truest, fell Count Stefan Tisza, that man of iron and oak, that last representative of a happily dead epoch, struck by two shots (of which one grazed his sister-in-law after it had passed through his body).

At the crack the Count dropped upon his knee.

His last words were:

"I am hit....it had to be....come...."

With the stiffening hand in hers the Countess remained by the dead. No tears could express this grief....

Tisza died like a man who is at one with his destiny. Hungary can always be proud to have had such a despot, who knew not only how to

apply force to others, but was also able and willing to take himself the last infinite consequences. He hated in his life the cowardice of others, in the theatre of war he was the best-loved of his soldiers, and he accepted death as the close of a career, whose gigantic worth was too absolute for it to have attained to maturity in our days.

It was a satisfying sign that the Government took the sharpest vengeance on the murder.

One may think as one will of the tragedy of Tisza. One may condemn and execrate him as a politician—and far it lies from me to wish to accept him politically. But, as a man, such an opponent is more to me than a thousand creeping friends—of whom he, unfortunately, possessed only too many. To me this death at the hand of violence is a proof of his greatness.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST OF OCTOBER.

Budapest is steeped in a sea of joy.

Laughing faces rejoiced in that day, which had to come, and came. Like a marriage was the union of the land with its new leaders, and only one who was there could measure the sorrow of the past by the excess of gladness which this young day prepared and spread abroad.

In those hours all that made for separation among men—year-long influences—were stilled, and the last bands which united the to-day with a long past yesterday were loosed.

The Republic was there—undeniably—and was enduring, as was her right....

Was it a feeling that, without concrete news being sent to the front (this being hindered by counter-measures of the High-Command in Baden) a knowledge of the change in the life of the State was yet penetrating to distant lands?

Hope here outran facts....

The street remained the truest symbol of what had happened. The soldiers had been relieved of an iron and cramping coercion of discipline, and showed their joy at it.

At the East and West Railway Stations were endless throngs. A double process had developed itself: the people kept away from their homes grasped with both hands at every chance of returning, and every few minutes long trains rolled out of the stations, crowded inside, and

packed with men on the steps, the couplings, the roofs: while unnumbered throngs were arriving from every part of the country.

But in place of the over-strained discipline of the bye-laws of the military jurisdiction, another discipline had arisen, springing splendid out of the free will of the people. The energy and organisation of the workers created out of nothing an excellent system of orderly methods, which in these days of great uncertainty made themselves felt. During the night, too, no disturbances worthy of note came to light, and it was the people themselves who held in check certain small knots of misusers of the blocked official vehicles. I saw numberless rapid emergency-motors which flew through the city with well-armed bodies of men to prevent robbery and plunder in the outer city precincts. It was satisfactory to see in these hours how the Revolution made innumerable people its unselfish friends—not friends in theory merely, but men with strong arms who were ready to prevent any discredit attaching to what had been won, and, withstanding a thousand temptations, remained true to their service in the cause of order.

Beside the Social-Democrats, who bore the chief burden, a significant share in the creation of the organisation of security was taken by the Bourgeois Radical Party, in whose Club in the Oktogon-Platz a feverish activity reigned, and they contributed much assistance to the work.

It was a quaint sight to see quite young students with red bands on their sleeves working as "Commissaries of Safety." They lacked authority, but a warm joy in their office occupied them all, even those who were mere onlookers.

Then toward midday came the first greater avalanche of rumours.

In the Underground-railway an elderly man was earnest in getting me to understand that Anarchy imperied, and he informed me with the air of one "in the know" that General Kôvess was marching against the capital with an enormous army; whereupon another stranger declared that there could be no counter-revolution, since the revolutionary Government had seized all the hand-grenades. Others said they knew that the Austrian-Hungarian Bank had just been plundered,

while a soldier volunteered the information that he was just from Vienna, where the workers had stormed the Arsenal, and armed swarms were out against the country: they were already fighting at Pozsony, some military detachments had surrendered, some had resisted....

An old peasant assured me at the Gizellaplatz that he had come to Budapest with the single object of seeing the Crown Prince Rudolf. Seeing the puzzled expression of my face, he assured me that out there in the country it was perfectly well known that the whole revolution was the work of none but the Crown Prince Rudolf, who, hitherto kept a prisoner by King Karl, had now been set free, and under the name "Count Károlyi" was making a Republic. The good man would not be convinced of the senselessness of his account of things, insisted upon the certainty of his version, kept on repeating that Count Károlyi and the Crown Prince were one, and now finally he himself wanted to see the Crown Prince.... Vexed at my laughing, he moved away, and I saw his form vanish into the Dorotheerstrasse. He was obviously really going to Ofen, to look up the Crown Prince....

An incident, this, which shows how much the phantasy of the common people clings round a person in whom is centred anything even a little legendary. The destiny of the Crown Prince Rudolf, the shadows over Mayerling—all this, mere Court history, if seen with cold eyes, nothing romantic—draws the man from the country. He will not have his mental picture taken from him. And he is content with the Republic—without drawing into any closer contact with it—because what is extraordinary in the moment makes legend-building possible to him.

Really serious news arrived in the afternoon.

In Muraköz, in South-western Hungary, the flag of misrule was beginning to fly. Little news came to hand, and that was proportionately exaggerated. What I myself heard was from railway travellers who said that insecurity reigned along the Croatian lines, Croatian bands were seizing the trains, and many castles were being plundered. Unfortunately, a considerable proportion of these tidings proved true later on; and it will be one of the saddest chapters in the

history of the Revolution, that at a time when all Hungarian Departments, and all local National Councils, were spending themselves in the effort to maintain order, in Croatia every good result was rendered impossible through the toleration down there of conditions which might have been held up to the wildest Wild-West as examples in atrocity. This conduct may be taken as the touch-stone and measure of the level of the populations. While in Hungarian districts only the elements really dangerous even in quiet times took part in the work of disturbance, in many districts which are emphatically not Magyar even the more responsible parts of the population permitted themselves to commit acts, which, under the name of political struggles, were really crimes against property.

In the Hungarian Province the organised working-class at once set to work, and, from what I heard from the most diverse parts of the country, they contributed worthily to the support of the statement, which is hardly to be denied, that the Hungarian and German elements, among all the nationals of the country, evinced most discipline and self-culture. The Germans of Hungary, with their sobriety and sureness of comprehension, were solid supports of order in the first days of the new time.

In the late afternoon the force of special guardians of the peace was already formed, and I saw the numberless soldiers of the Republic, with their badges on their sleeves, looking after public order.

Later on came more stirring news out of the interior.

People at this hour were under the impression that the will of the people, now set free, might rage out into anarchy. But, on the other side, the regulations were so clear-cut, and there was such a mass of strength and initiative at hand, that I felt little doubt even in the most critical period of the uproar. I was sure there would be great disturbances, but did not lose faith in the possibility of handling them, and was disinclined to give credence to overheated fancies.

Time, so far at least, has proved me right.

The most important events, meantime, cropped up in the evening.

In the National Council reigned a feverish activity. From hour to hour grew the load of work, and as the mass of the people had recognised the National Council as absolutely the sole authority, quite fantastic incidents occurred in the de-patch of business. The public services had enough to do with the execution of the orders of the National Council, so that the people drew the false conclusion that the National Council was the place for every possible sort of business to be done.

People came with the most private, silly, trivial concerns to the National Council, and the cordon of police had enough to do to turn away the innumerable people who came with laughable affairs.

Between fateful sittings the leading men had to receive Corporations, the President of the National Council, Johann Hock, a priest-deputy, had to act as an arbiter and tranquiliser, and in the midst of the crisis came some who could not be got to see that the making of the oath could be made as well some days later.... Everyone wanted with the hottest zeal to be "there," wanted to show that he felt himself one with the National Council, and wished to serve it and place his powers at its disposal....

The will of the people had been spontaneously exhibited. Especially now that it could be fairly assumed that the Revolution was safe from the attacks of reaction, having considerable armed force at its disposal—especially now came out the shrinkers, who had not wished to venture all in the first moments. And precisely these came with the loudest words and the liveliest gestures. In this respect Man—that sort of Man—remains ever like himself....

The Government was, in respect of its personnel, according to the wishes of the people; but not in respect of its political structure. It was felt that the Ruler had yielded to the pressure of force, not to reason. And so it was demanded ever more pressingly, more distinctly, more threateningly that the Government, which had to thank the confidence of the people for its effective might, whose support the masses solely and only were—that this Government must drop any toying with the monarchical form.

The first definite impulse toward becoming a Republic : in the evening a conversation over the telephone took place between Count Michael Károlyi and Karl IV.

Károlyi informed the King of the situation and the opinions that were lord over the land. Formerly it had been said : " The Premier reports to the Monarch, upon which the latter makes the necessary decisions, and trusts the Premier with their execution." This time, however, it was rather the other way about. The Monarch was silent, and the Premier, so to say, received his own report—and Karl, by the Grace of God, first Emperor of his name of Austria, and of the same name fourth apostolic King of Hungary, yielded to necessity, released Károlyi from his oath of fealty, which he had first made to the Ruler the day before, and said that this release held good for the other Ministers also.... And the Ministers at once took over their offices as popularly-appointed Ministers, who at once decided to renounce their title and address of " Excellency."

It was about half-past seven.

The National Council, and the Workers' and Soldiers' Council, which also, all at once, was now there, were holding a common sitting in the Stadthaus.

And now happened the unwonted. Without pomp and ceremony, without the usual fuss, appeared the Ministers of Károlyi's Cabinet, the first Hungarian People's Ministry.

With immense applause were they greeted. And the President of the National Council, Johann Hock, gave a short address, in which he sketched the development of the situation, whose final consequence took the shape of a People's Government. After him spake War Minister Béla Linder, who bluffly and bluntly announced the steps taken toward an armistice on all fronts, the command sent to General Kôvess to complete at once the negotiations, in which the sole condition was to be the retirement in every case from Hungarian soil of French, English and American troops....

Again crackled past us a little piece of world-history....

After the War-Minister, Károlyi began to speak.

He announced that the King had released the members of the Cabinet from their oath, and that the final determination of the form of the State would be left to the National Assembly to be convoked. In the same breath the Premier announced that all elections henceforth would be on the basis of the excellent private-member's Election Bill embodying women's suffrage, the introduction and passage of which impended. If, however, the present Parliament yet again rejected this Bill, the Government would bring it in as required by the people's will, and by the people's will declare it law.

Károlyi's speech aroused an indescribable demonstration of joy, through which trumpet-tones, clear shrilling, accompanied the unanimous cry :

"Long live the Republic !"

From this day on, then, is the actuality of the Hungarian People's Republic to be dated. Although not yet formally declared, the situation as a whole could only have as its actual consequence that the state of Hungary from these hours had become a People's State, a *Res Publica*....

* * *

After the Ministers' speeches there reigned in the National Council a most noisy agitation. A drunken joy overcame all.

And then through a soundless silence sounded the oaths of the Ministers, as they uttered to the President of the National Council the words :—

"I swear to hold fealty to Hungary, to guard her complete independence, with all my powers to advance the prosperity, the freedom, and the development of the country. So help me, God !"

In many a choked throat the shout of joy remained dumb. The Event was overpowering in its swiftness and smoothness, historic in its overpoweringness, in its historic value decisive.

The strains of the National hymn rang through the room, the noise of it spread, was taken up in corridors and landings, and far down and away from the building sounded at the same time the same air.

It touches close, this hymn.

* * *

Later it was told me in a Party club that the

conversation between Károlyi and the King had been very short and sharp. The Monarch had spoken with Budapest from Pozsony, and he had then at once returned to Vienna. He intended to flee to Switzerland, as Vienna, too, had become unsafe.

I regarded this news as possible, even probable; and I record it because it seemed to me then like an irony of history, which even in her judgment does not forget the Symbol. Out of Switzerland fared the Hapsburgs of old into foreign lands, and now when their star vanished from heaven, and their earthly fortunes, as astrologers say in such cases, sank with the star, back they must needs go to the old soil, which endures in all the becoming and the passing away of men.

Fiat justitia . . .

* * *

I must make mention of the late afternoon sheets, and of various private and semi-official utterances which already were being made about the old régime.

The chief objects of the attacks—beside the deposed magnates, Wekerle, Szterényi and Kursgenossen—were Count Andrassy, acting in Vienna as Minister of the Exterior, and some gentlemen of the ancien régime, who as a body were exposed to the fiercest attacks.

At the time I thought to myself that this had to happen, in order to nip in the bud any possibility of the cropping up of conservative tendencies, this being accomplished by presenting every person at all prominent in an impossible light: I saw in it a system of self-defence through attack. What I now have to blame in it is its objective injustice. The People's Government is now strong enough to check the activities of unscrupulous elements. It is no longer justified to describe as criminal everyone who in some measure stands apart from the Revolution. But especially blameable is it to offer to foreign countries the spectacle, the inevitable spectacle, of the same known individual, who has torn them to shreds in his enmity, being himself torn to shreds with the same enmity of criticism. Pity that temper comes first and reason second.

I don't consider the discarded politicians

worthy of having any words wasted on them, and these living men are to-day so dead, that a burial service over these political corpses would lack the true grave-side significance. But to throw all the men of a period into the same stew-pot, merely because they were contemporaries, is feeble and laughable in its effect. It is not for me to mention names: a personal intention may be scented, where none is. But the fact is important.

I will therefore only briefly refer to one figure.

Count Julius Andrassy is a personage of European fame, whom Hungary is impotent to abolish politically: he can only be deprived of power, which, however, does not touch his worth. To so violent a belittling of him the logical retort abroad must have been, how then was it possible that this man, if he really had all the faults ascribed with shrieks to him, could have been for ten years the political leader that he was. The reply that it was all politics-by-force is unjust. Andrassy has known how to make himself, to maintain, and even quite highly to distinguish himself, as a politician; has known through it all how to keep up a European tone, and has given costly refusals to cheap advertisement. He evinced a clear understanding and keen discernment, and not to the least part of the worth of his personality are to be attributed many sympathies which Hungary now enjoys. Andrassy is now a branch sawn off, and the former régime of force has now emphatically become an affair of personal politics. But to want to make a Jack-pudding of a man whom the outer world values, respects, prizes, and looks upon as a representative person, of a man, in short, of the statesman-class by his innate capacity—this is a beginning that can only result in discredit. The political constellations have transformed themselves; people who wish to have a hand in things will naturally have to adapt themselves: but proof by negation is ever a weak way of reasoning. The voice of the people does not now allow of entering into any understanding with any name of the old school; but the denial of genuine human worth is lamentable, and I pity the busy reporter (who in Budapest is too often permitted to meddle in politics), because of his problem

whether he shall pander to the mood of the moment, or shall follow his proper calling, which may run counter to that mood.

* * *

As I was going at half-past nine by the Gresham Palace to the Police Gendarmerie, a throng of armed people surprised me. It was said that about thirty thousand Russian prisoners-of-war had broken out of the prison-camp near Budapest. The Russians had then procured weapons of all sorts—even artillery, according to some accounts—by plundering depôts.

And now was presented afresh a startling proof of the capabilities of the city and its citizens.

The news spread rapidly through the streets; officers and civilians ran through the most out-of-the-way nook, and a quite astonishing number of volunteers offered themselves, who, just as they were, as they came out of office or shop, café, restaurant or house, went on foot, by tram, many too by droshky, to the Municipal Gendarmerie, to be armed there. They all came quite willingly and spontaneously, to resist the reported advance of the Russians and protect the capital from irruption, plunder and anarchy. It was a singular sight to see one heavy motor-wagon after another roll off out of the courtyard of the Gendarmerie, thickly thronged with the most dissimilar people, all carrying rifles, revolvers, and, in the bottom of the wagons, machine-guns, to pass away over the Kettenbrücke and carry help and protection to the threatened outer parts of Ofen. In the Zrinyi-utca, the street in front of the Gendarmerie, were a crowd of officers, who spontaneously took over the command of the small groups.

A more agitated evening Budapest never had.

The house-doors were hurriedly closed; the cafés let down their revolving-shutters; only a few people were to be seen.

All this lasted perhaps half-an-hour.

And then came the relief. . . .

There were no Russian hordes coming—not thirty thousand, not twenty, not ten thousand—in fact, no thousands, only some troops of prisoners, who, without arms, only armed with their cartridge belts, were making, singing, toward Buda-

pest to take their part in the joy of the Revolution. They wandered through the city, halted before the head-quarters of the Bourgeois Radical Party, sang some songs, . . . and dispersed peaceably.

It was a panic rumour which had some foundation in fact: but how the few Russians became whole divisions is still a riddle. Either it was that the agitated mind of the people by itself magnified the danger, or there were perhaps "over-loving" forces at work, who may have hoped that such a signal might create a possibility, by quick action, of plundering shops.

In the National Council, where I spoke of this matter about ten o'clock, reigned the gravest unrest and excitement. All sorts of "actions" were scented, suspected. But here also we succeeded soon in mobilizing adequate forces to contradict quickly the panic rumours, spread for the most part by honest patriots among themselves, and these bearers of enlightenment were able to lift the palsy which seemed to have seized the city.

During this tumult, besides, the completest discipline was maintained in a military sense. Officers and men, spurred by a like free-will, understood one another excellently, and even if armed masses of Russians had run loose upon Budapest, there is no doubt that militia, volunteers and regulars could have thrown back even considerable forces.

The panic rumour furnished the comforting evidence that the capital could not easily become the cock-pit of civil strifes: it was a question here of striving for tranquility, for order, for the security of life and property.

For this fight the people of Budapest was ready, armed, and inured.

After the denial of the rumour, the people revived visibly, the cafés up to the early closing hour were fuller than could have been thought possible, and the gipsies played, there was singing—only drink failed all. For the strictest prohibition by the Government let no drop of alcohol flow.

And that had failed now for a whole day. . . . it failed all; me, too.

* * *

CHAPTER IV

The 2nd, 3rd and 4th of
October.

How absolutely natural and necessary the Revolution had come was revealed in the days following its outbreak.

The city had assumed an almost normal appearance, and apart from externals, nothing special seemed to have befallen.

The rush of the puffing and blowing military motors over the streets was already no more on the third day of the Revolution, the firing of shots, become senseless, had completely ceased, and merely the placards which just like a flood rankly covered every visible spot, gave evidence of what was working below.

The maintenance of public order constituted the greatest care of the new Government.

In Budapest there was plunder of small extent in the Lower Danube district; in the outermost districts there were petty robberies. The denial of public and private property from political motives did not make itself heard, and, thanks to the prompt handling of the authorities, the formation of organised groups of plunderers could be completely obviated. While the single hand could do only petty damage, on the other side bands were at once scattered, and on the whole quiet was maintained in the capital.

More markedly began the provincial rabble to break out. Once more it was in Croatia and the

districts about Siebenbürgen, as well as, in particular, in Slovakia, where, following on the provocation of intense race-hatreds by paid agents, a debauch in plunder by the masses became formidable.

To me it was at once clear that here it was not a simple question of crimes against property, but that the intention was to furnish a pretext for invasion to foreigners. Order and tranquility had to be overthrown there, in order to "necessitate" the occupation of these regions by foreign troops, following on the demonstration that the Government was incapable of maintaining order.

Already in those first days it was evident that the cessation of hostilities was an object which had to reckon with other forces and opinions than those at the helm on the enemy's side.

Declarations made by national politicians in the camps of the Roumanians, Servians, Czechs, Jugo-Slavs, revealed that, through the armistice, the moment seemed to have come for the enemies of Hungary to compensate the restraint of their fury with brute violence.

A hue-and-cry without parallel set in against the young Hungary, and all the sins of the past were now, like debts, to be avenged and driven home.

Meanwhile, the new Government was proving by its handling of facts that it was resolved to effectuate its program of progress of Radical Democracy.

The Minister of Nationalities, Jà-zi, immediately on entering his office, began to set on foot negotiations with the nationalities, and what I learned from those who surrounded him confirmed me in the belief that this man strove with a peculiar nobility to translate ideal principles into actualities. At the time, indeed, it is true that the ideal stood in sharp contrast with the actual, for precisely the condition precedent for success in the negotiations was absent—namely, goodwill in the other parties to the negotiations. A *rapprochement*, as it may really henceforth be named, was complicated by prejudiced criticism and tribal expressions of opinion; and once more it was seen how appetite comes by eating. Only the future will teach and shew that the stomach

of Europe will not permanently be able to bear this excess of purging through separate nationalities, without suffering grave damage thereby.

One epoch-making item of the Programme was at once brought to the point of fulfilment. The franchise law, fundamentally modified, was put upon a new basis. It had already appeared, from the Programme, that it was the most radical conceivable suffrage law, which gave to a preponderant mass of men the equal, secret, inassailable right to determine its own representation.

Already these two forward steps must have clearly shown that the taxing and executive power of the State reposed in hands reliably radical. And the establishment of woman's franchise, active and passive, redounds to the fullest honour of the young régime.

* * *

The National Council, meantime, had been enlarged; and in this, too, reason was the guide.

A chaos was avoided by the prompt transference of the Administrative functions from the National Council to the special Ministries. In the countries of the late revolutions, with national representations forming a centralised system, the intention to retain power in their own hands had been made evident; but in the young Hungary there was a better way discovered, and it was the National Council itself which devolved every sort of executive function, and reserved for itself only the clearly defined, political duties which, as the point of organisation of the Revolution, belonged to it. In this way no questions of competence arose, whose cropping up was much to be feared. Such processes always lead to internal splits, which must end in catastrophes—as in Germany, to say nothing of Russia.

The curiosity of those days was in my eyes always the Cabinet, to which men of the most diverse shades of opinion belonged, and worked in friendly co-operation. The Social Democrats filled their office with the greatest political self-control, and I heard from a really well-informed source that in these critical days no kind of

difficulties had been made by any Party—difficulties whose consequences no one could have foreseen, because not only must they have brought with them the paralysis of the Administration, but the splitting of the energies of the labouring masses.

* * *

That the Revolution should throw up some very curious people is almost a matter of course. Some sudden idea, indeed, is enough in such times to "make" a man. Beside phenomena of importance rose others of small account, arose and at once began to go under.

I have never forgotten one incident in the War Ministry.

With all the arts of persuasion a singular individual insinuated himself again and again into the waiting-room of the Secretary of State, in which the most various sorts of people, of quite unceremonious dress and bearing, insisted on an audience. This little man who had quick-twinkling eyes, made superhuman efforts to push himself forward. Finally, he had to be listened to, and as every man in such a radical state of things may properly bring forward his capabilities and ideas, the little man plunged at once into speaking of the concrete. With a theatrical pose he struck his breast:

"I am prepared to restore order and tranquility at once in the whole country, aye, and maintain them. As a condition, I must ask for a hundred automobiles."

I asked him the modest question:

"Have you, then, purchasers for such a considerable park of motors?" to which he proudly replied: "I am no motor agent. I only want to get the motors in order to travel about the whole country, and restore order by timely interference at dangerous spots. Far from me is love of self. My country is in need: I stand by her!"

The irrationality of his ideas could not be made clear to him. But he did not get the motors, and I am of opinion that, in spite of his denial, the man had purchasers ready for all the hundred motors.

For the rest, he took himself off very ungraciously and ill-governed, saying repeatedly

that the whole revolution was a humbug, since real talent could not make itself felt: let the old paternal régime rule as before.

The Revolution therewith lost an adherent, and I believe I am not wrong in thinking that many such adherents quickly passed over into the other camp—into that camp that for the moment did not exist, yet ever and everywhere constitutes the Opposition, where the greed of individuals is not unconditionally and immediately appeased.

* * *

A chapter by itself is the question of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils.

The Soldiers' Council did excellent work in the way of preserving order, and high merit is to be ascribed to it and its leaders, especially to Dr. József Pogány, a journalist, now Chief-Commissary of the Soldiers' Council.

The Soldiers' Council was, in Budapest, at once an element in Education, and an administrative organ, in which not politics was uppermost, but the organisation of a People's Army on the basis of the "vertrauens-männer" system. The Soldiers' Council did not for a moment use its considerable influence for the inauguration of a reign of force: it worked rather hand in hand with the Social Democrat organisations and with the Cabinet, to the consolidation of which it was able to contribute greatly. And while the Russian Soldiers' Councils became the sources of the grimmest tyranny and despotism, the Hungarian Soldiers' Council developed into a centre for the soldiers' agenda, which did excellent service in respect of restoring human conditions in the barracks, of hygiene, of hospital questions, of the organisation of a people's army for the support of the Government and good order.

* * *

The fever, which slowly abated, became as heat-energy transmuted into "work." With the exception of those few who knew how to get something out of it, as out of the vast bloodshed of the nations—men, who, however, this time were struck down with lightning severity—with these exceptions the individual and the whole worked with an offering up of all their human

powers for the maintenance of order. Already in these days the chief emphasis was laid on the word "Order" by the entire press. It was felt that the least discrediting of the Revolution must lead to counter-tendencies and counter-actions, too, on the side of the Entente; and this danger ever in view, side by side with the instinct of self-preservation, stamped so deeply upon the general consciousness the necessity of ensuring order, that finally the bloodless Revolution became the symbol of the Temple of Freedom, to rear which without disturbance was not only aimed at, but it seemed to become possible only as a result of bloodlessness.

* * *

Meantime the news and rumours from abroad were thrilling the public mind. It was said that blood was flowing in Vienna, in Berlin something quite big was coming, the last Hohenzollern despot had fled to head-quarters, in Italy the Revolution had broken out, on the West front fraternisations between the French and German soldiers were the order of the day....How many wishes were here the fathers to thoughts, which were not to become realities....

Only from the Italian front came concrete news, and from the Balkan theatre of war.

And soldiers arrived from these and from farther fronts.

The Government had ordered the laying down of arms; the announcements in the windows of the newspaper offices were hastily swallowed by thick knots of men—and meantime one saw the soldier reappear from the front.

A new danger broke upon us.

Unwieldy began to become the mass of the returned and wandering soldiers. Out of the great garrison localities into the capital, out of the capital into the villages....and from the fronts into the interior. Not only were physical diseases communicated, but the pathological contagion of acts of coarseness impregnated into the nature during years of war. Threatening voices waxed loud. And ever more men poured in, a satanic mass of undefined force whirled about the entire land, shaking like an earthquake all that stood.

This greatest danger, too, was overcome.

It came to plunderings in several districts, but the strict organisation of the Social Democracy and of the Soldiers' Council maintained order. It came to no anarchy, to no nightmare of plunder, and what did take place was the work of political *agents provocateurs* in the pay of the Nationalities, as well as of the expression of the people's fury against the oppressor in the land and the winners of the war. Yet little blood flowed, and where it flowed alcohol was the chief cause. The incredibly severe Government order, by which the sale of alcohol in every form was forbidden under heavy penalties, proved a blessing—and only where great distances prevented its execution for the time being, did some small catastrophes befall.

But the sober mind of the people was master of temperament, and almost throughout the country the local guardians of order stamped out the hands that sporadically showed themselves.

The Revolution was too popular for the great mass of the people not to be willing to guard with their own bodies what had been won.

CHAPTER V.

AFTERWARDS IT HAPPENS ALWAYS
DIFFERENTLY FROM WHAT ONE
THOUGHT AT FIRST.

The Revolution was a success.

What came to pass after the first days was a proof of the eternal truth that no event, of its own inherent contents, can go on prosperously to its maturity.

Hungary had shattered the fetters of an oppressive connection- the sick system of tutelage, suppression and blood-sucking was eliminated : but the recovery came with all the crises, the relapses of convalescence, and outside forces struck heavy blows at the hardly-tried land.

Only one who was present and saw the rising of despair, witnessed the flame of wrath, felt the sickness of languor, only such a one could truly affirm that all this emotion was genuine and human ; only he will be able to realise that a falsification without parallel of facts and acts must necessarily shake the foundations of the thought and feeling of a country.

It began with the Czechs, who, in a frenzied rage of ambition, not only claimed frankly foreign provinces, but at once proceeded to the creation by force of the conditions they prescribed, and simply declared to be Czechish frankly Magyar, frankly German, frankly Slovak territory. To the lay mind ! I may perhaps illustrate these questions in this way. The Czechs maintain that the Slovaks are Czechs, and that Slovakia is Czechia. That is, translated into Western parlance : the Italians are Frenchmen, therefore Italy is France. One must cast one's mental functions to the winds ! The deduction of the Czechs is somewhat as follows : Every eagle is a bird, and every sparrow is a bird, therefore every sparrow is an eagle.

Against the Czech aspirations is to be set, not only the matter of fact that Slovakia is by no means Czechish, but also the fact that at any rate a great majority of the Slovaks—in spite of the most furious instigation—do not at all wish to become Czechish, but desire an independent Slovak Republic, whose Government was already constituted. As regards historical grounds, there is no precise relation at all between Slovakia and Czechia. It would be the wildest anachronism to go back hundreds of years; but the best of it is that such a going back—finds nothing in favour of the Czech claims.

The Roumanians did as the Czechs and as the Servians, and, in the name of national freedom and of interim occupations for the maintenance of order, the wildest national oppression was inaugurated. Frankly Magyar territory was occupied, a tyranny against the absolute majorities introduced, Hungarian newspapers forbidden, their importation stopped, and in the crassest contradiction to the clearest conditions of the armistice, a violent abrogation of the Magyar administrative authorities took place, which could not then but lead to unrest.

In Budapest these news arrived ever more inopportunately, and the voice of the capital and of the country became critical. Károlyi's Government had to threaten to dissolve and to hand over everything to the lovers of force; for the restraining of the rising fury of the people seemed to be growing well nigh impossible.

Brute force undisguised, scorn, derision, abuse, heaped upon the young Hungary, attacked for her past, although no land can more thoroughly expiate the sins of the past, and even herself judge them, than Hungary.

I had an opportunity in Budapest of studying at close quarters all questions of detail, and a residence of ten years in various states of the once Monarchy affords me the possibility of clear personal judgment. I hold, then, that the uncontested cultural superiority of the Magyars as compared with most of the minority nationalities—there were majorities in Hungary only in the local sense, not on the whole—this superiority which by itself fashioned the Revolution, though the impulse to its explosion must have been given

by the Nationalities, for from of old it is not the oppressor, the holder of power, who proceeds to revolution, but the Opposition: this superiority, I say, must form the basis for the settlement of the questions in dispute. Let it be clearly stated that in Hungary the Magyars themselves are a Nationality in the higher sense, who were forced into a union not wanted by them, hated, contested, by them; and that this led to the Revolution. Nor are the outcomes of the Revolution to be confined and pressed into narrow channels. The Entente should clearly understand that Hungary is the solidest of the fore-Balkan countries, and, whatever the opinion may be at present, I hardly think that any one intimate with the facts could be found who would venture to deny that the Magyars are more culturally advanced than the Roumanians, Servians, Croats, Bulgarians, Slovaks and Mixed Races, more advanced, not only in respect of their knowledge of the alphabet, as clearly proved by statistics, but also especially as regards writing, newspaper circulation, respect for culture, and extent of culture.

The Balkans were an eternal conflagration, while Hungary was the sure home of tranquility. A considerable railway system was operating beneficially in an industrial sense, a fast developing industry was improving the adjustment of imports and exports—and the root of the trouble was the conflict of nationalities, was the former oppression of them. Precisely this cardinal cause is now removed, is for ever put aside. The fullest autonomy is assured to the Nationalities.

If against all the arguments of reason and logic a chaos were created in Hungary, such a thing must result in an ever new conflagration. The intention of putting essentially Magyar districts under foreign rule, an intention evident enough in the violent steps then taken, will, if persisted in, lead to the severest conflicts, and besides, stop development in the industrial direction. There will arise a new Balkans, a second Balkans, and therewith a second hot-bed of crises, and what this prospect promises for the future can be well enough measured by the past.

Men look like falling at present into the horrible mistake of driving a strong people to despair, of isolating, of strangling it, for the sake of certain systems—systems already shattered by the people itself—for the sake of certain persons or tendencies. The final consequence can only be pointed at as catastrophic.

What is at present being done by the small members of the Entente is a threat to European civilisation.

The Hungarian problem must be solved. The once Hungary is gone, and is most hated in Hungary itself. But let there be an insistence upon the principle set up by Wilson.... "A scrap of paper," occurs to me in regard to this: a scrap of paper, the tearing up of which invoked the greatest bloodshed of all times. Let men beware of such papers: and if to-day the Smallest of the Small with inflated arrogance regard the Fourteen Points, too, as merely "a scrap of paper," let not the catastrophe be lost sight of in the grotesque. A little more veering on the side of the Entente, a little more complacency and toleration must, as far as one can see, invoke an inner crisis in Hungary, essentially Hungarian and momentous, whose incertitudes the elements that aspire to Bolshevism will certainly take advantage of to their ends. This should be carefully noted.

* * *

On a somewhat frosty Sunday hundreds of thousands assembled at the Parlamentplatz, where what took place was without any special ceremony, so to say, springing out of a deeply-felt confession of faith. The day will be unforgettable to me, for through the humdrum old halls of the Parliament House blew the wind of a New Time, and it was a day of new men and new words, and something like a suppressed thrill filled the frame.

The Government, the National Council and the People had united here, and amid cares and trials, to support which a high love of country raises human strength, the foundation was laid on which is built Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

Old memories whirled through my head; I imagined I saw things unfolding before me; known faces passed before me; thoughts con-

nected past and present : a warm emotion possessed all, and I saw people with hard features whose lip quivered....I, as a Swiss, the free citizen of a free State, understood well the emotion which moved all these, who out of the darkness of an old century suddenly were stepping into the light of Democracy.

How well had all this come to pass, how much of incredibly noble and steadfast will was involved in it, how much anxious shrinking from the least Too-much among the crowd—how upon all lay Pain and Joy welded in a single embrace, how out of a thousand dumb throats went up appeals to the Almighty, and how with the tumult of joy mingled for seconds the intense suspense of the listener who hearkens for tidings from afar—how trembled the million-fold heart of Budapest in its struggle to express the moment, the day....the Future....

Leaning on a pillar, I saw all this pass before me. I only dimly recall the details of what, as a whole, will never pass from my memory. Through sudden cries, through music and song, and gay men, and weary-grown thoughts, I made my way through to a better hope for the People, that is wondrous good in its heart and soul, that unspoiled and staunch and simple stands by its kind, that haggles in words, but is bountiful at heart, as once only sovereigns could be....Ah, there appeared to me desert-sands, and then hill-lands alternated with blessed cornfields, glad streams wound through green regions, wine and corn smiled along the ways, and a hot sun blessed the midday.

A stream of men brought me back, lost in thought, to the day.

It was the 16th of November of the year of grace 1918.

THE END

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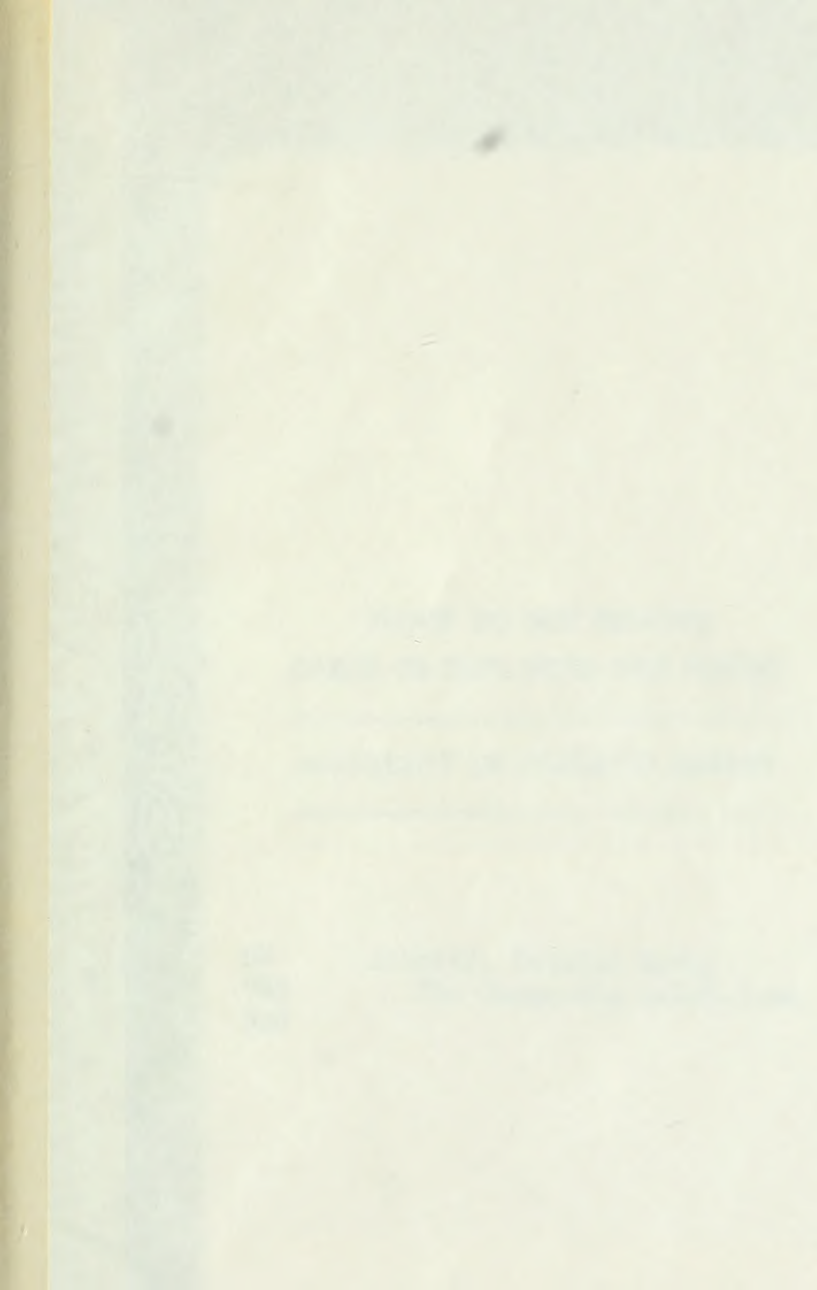
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